# The Liberalist

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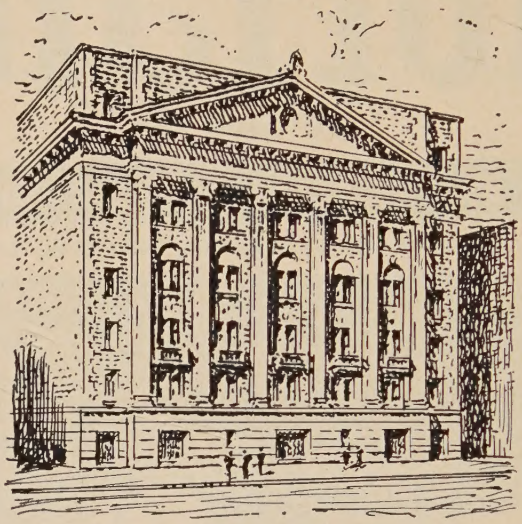
PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

## WHEN THE FROST IS ON THE PUNKIN

When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock,
And you hear the kyouck and gobble of the struttin' turkey-cock,
And the clackin' of the guineys, and the cluckin' of the hens,
And the rooster's hallylooyer as he tiptoes on the fence;
O, it's then's the times a feller is a-feelin' at his best,
With the risin' sun to greet him from a night of peaceful rest,
As he leaves the house, bareheaded, and goes out to feed the stock,
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.

*James Whitcomb Riley.*



## THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

**Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road**

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

### *Declaration of Principles*

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

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# ALONG THE WAY

**By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY**

ONE of the most enjoyable journeys in Great Britain is the trip from Glasgow to Newcastle-upon-Tyne. I have traveled this route many times but never remember meeting an American. It is pitiful that more Americans when abroad do not go out of the beaten paths. I always make an effort in every country, city and village where I am to absorb as much of the local atmosphere and native landscape as my time permits. I believe this gives one a better appreciation and also a more sympathetic understanding of differences. That is the reason perhaps I have never encountered the attitude on the part of people in Great Britain and Europe which so many Americans seem to experience. I have met many people since my return this year who were abroad during the summer, who have said to me "They don't like us in Great Britain; they don't like us in Europe; we are a hated people." I can bear no such testimony from my own experience. I never talked with one person on the other side of the Atlantic this past summer who did not express appreciation for the assistance this country has given in their rehabilitation and economic recovery.

I never go to Great Britain without visiting Newcastle-upon-Tyne, the principal reason being to renew a very old friendship with one of the finest men I have ever known, the Reverend Herbert Barnes. On my first visit to England many years ago, I preached for Mr. Barnes in his great church, the Church of the Divine Unity. Ever since when in England I have spent a Sunday with Mr. Barnes and his great church. It was under his ministry that the new church in Newcastle-upon-Tyne was built. It is an imposing structure, with a worshipful sanctuary, and one of the largest churches of our denomination. Mr. Barnes has retired from the active ministry of the church and is living quietly in a beautiful home in Wylam. Ever since his successor, the Reverend Coram Davies, became the minister, he has continued the invitation and I have preached one Sunday each summer in his pastorate. Mr. Davies is carrying on the great tradition to which he succeeded, and at the two services when I preached the church was well filled, and the attitude of the congregation plainly indicated the fine condition of the church and the inspirational leadership of Mr. Davies. After each service, morning and evening, I stood for a long time greeting my old friends in the Church of the Divine Unity. It was almost like being home.

The Saturday before I preached I went out to Wylam and was met by Mr. Barnes. We spent a wonderful few hours together, driving through the countryside to Chollerford where, at the George Hotel, near the old bridge which crosses the Tyne, we stopped for a splendid lunch. Then back to "Cranford," the lovely home of Mr. Barnes, where Mrs. Hardy, his housekeeper since the death of Mrs. Barnes, had prepared a delicious tea. We sat in his cozy and intimate study during tea, eating home-made scones and reminiscing about the years past.

I got an early evening train back to Newcastle-upon-Tyne and had dinner at the Station Hotel with the Reverend and Mrs. Coram Davies. I retired to my room early, thinking about the beauty of the day, what it means to renew old friendships, and the responsibility before me on the next day of

standing twice in the pulpit of the ancient citadel of free religion there in Northumberland.

* * *

Monday morning I took an early train for London. With my arrival in London there began one of the most interesting, informative and inspiring weeks which I have ever spent in a foreign land. I was met at the train by the Reverend George Grieve, who is now a lecturer on economics in Ealing College, London, and an associate of his, Maurice Pocock, who is a colleague of Mr. Grieves and a lecturer in Ealing College. Mr. Pocock's father is a Unitarian minister in Devon. They had arranged for me to go to Sidmouth in Devon by the sea.

Mr. Pocock had his small English car and after leaving my heaviest baggage in the London hotel we left London immediately.

To drive out of a great city in a car is a far different experience than leaving by train from one of the great central railroad stations. You see a part of London which the usual tourist never sees, and under the expert guidance of two men who knew every foot of the journey it gave me an unsurpassed opportunity. I had heard of Salisbury Plain all of my life and also of that historic pile of stone called Stonehenge. We crossed Salisbury Plain and arriving at Stonehenge another experience was mine which I have often dreamed of having. I had never heard an English skylark. As we walked around Stonehenge, looking at those ancient, prehistoric stones, the origin of which is still conjectural, I remarked to Mr. Pocock "I have never heard the English skylark." We were quiet a moment and he said "There is one now." Looking up into the blue sky from whence the song came, I finally was able to see, like a little speck, the skylark, trilling its heart out with the song which I was hearing for the first time. We watched it soaring and singing for several minutes, when it finally dipped in rhythmic splendor and vanished from view. The memory of those few minutes with the skylark will linger with me as long as life lasts.

The drive from Stonehenge to Sidmouth on the sea was simply one prolonged experience of joy. The narrow roads, the high hedges, the rolling countryside, the quiet, pastoral beauty of it all, together with the excellent companionship made it for me the ride unforgettable.

Sidmouth is exclusively a seaside place, but quite different from the usual resorts found around the British coast. It has retained all the dignity and greatness of its history. The usual crowds that come for a few hours were not there. The long promenade was filled with people who obviously knew how to enjoy a holiday without the intrusion of a lot of the honky-tonk atmosphere which is usually found in such places. It is one of the most restful places I have ever seen. My room in the Fortfield Hotel was most pleasant and peaceful.

What would you think of visiting and being entertained in a home built in 1369? Such was my privilege when we visited Mrs. Elizabeth McLaughlin, who lives in this ancient house called "Manstone Old House." It was a breathless experience. Properly and artistically, with historical accuracy, the interior is furnished. There isn't the space here to even begin to describe its charm and its beauty. Mrs. McLaughlin has the most discriminating taste and appreciation of things antique and historical of any person I have ever met. Just the other day I received from her a beautiful picture in hand-embroidery, which she had designed and made of Hartford Woods in Sidmouth. I have never seen anything quite like

it. June is having it framed and it will always remain in our home as a beautiful reminder of the gracious lady of "Manstone Old House."

I spent the better part of a week in Sidmouth, for which I was very grateful, because it gave my back, which I had injured in Ireland, an opportunity to make full recovery.

On Sunday I was back in London for another Sunday of preaching. I preached Sunday morning in Highgate Free Christian Church where I have spoken so often, and again it was inspiring to meet old friends and new. In the evening I preached in All Souls Church, Golders Green, London. The Reverend Mr. K. C. Treacher is the minister of both churches, preaching in Highgate in the morning and Golders Green in the evening. Mr. Treacher is one of the most promising of the younger group of ministers in our British churches.

The young peoples group in the Golders Green Church is a most alert and active group and it was inspiring to me to meet them socially after the evening service. The week in London consisted of many conferences and visits to places of historic and educational interest. It seems during these past years I have never been in London when there wasn't some kind of world crisis. The fact is it has been a continuous world crisis since 1914, the summer of my first visit. This past summer it was the Geneva Conference, which was uppermost in the minds of people and occupied most of the attention of the London press. All this was reflected in the spirit of debates in the British Parliament. I wish more American visitors to London would visit a session of the House of Commons. It is not too difficult to gain admission. If you know someone who knows someone who is a member of the House an admission ticket can be arranged. It may entail, however, standing in line for a long time before the visitor's gallery empties sufficiently to admit you, but any inconvenience or difficulty which you might have is more than compensated by the interesting experience. To hear Sir Winston Churchill and Mr. Clement Atlee in a sparring match is an unforgettable experience. The whole problem of Indo-China and the effort to bring about the end of hostilities there charged the whole atmosphere of London during the week.

I had an opportunity to make my annual visit to the Hyde Park Forum, and there is nothing quite like that in the world, where thirty or forty speakers standing on boxes and temporary platforms harangue crowds estimated sometimes at 5,000. It is the greatest free speech forum in the world.

I also had an opportunity to see two plays, one of which, "A Day By the Sea," we shall probably never see in this country. It was playing at the Haymarket Theatre, just two blocks from my hotel and in the cast were those distinguished actors, Sir John Gieguld and Sir Ralph Richardson. The other play is soon to open I believe in New York in this country, a most unusual play of Christopher Fry called "Dark Is Light Enough." I saw Dame Edith Evans in this play. Her part here is to be taken by Catherine Cornell, with Tyrone Power in the company. I shall be interested in seeing the American production in contrast to the original production in London. The play is one of those fantasies with deep undertones, which are characteristic of the playwright Christopher Fry. You recall he wrote the play which was given in our church—"A Sleep of Prisoners."

* * *

Every time I visit ancient Oxford I covet the opportunity of spending months, when I have only a week. I envy our Rhodes scholars from our American colleges and Universities who

can go to Oxford and spend a year or more. I stayed at the Mitre Hotel in Oxford, one of the oldest hotels in Great Britain, parts of the building going back 600 years. The building shows the additions which have been made through the centuries, giving it a most picturesque beauty. Low ceilings, uneven floors, winding halls, all furnished with ancient prints and old bronze and brass utensils and instruments of various sorts everywhere. It is as unlike any modern hotel as it is possible to imagine. I stood in front of this quaint hotel one afternoon and saw a busload of tourists stop. They all came in to have lunch and then a guided tour around the city and the colleges of Oxford. I asked one of the passengers how long they were going to be in Oxford and the reply was "A little under four hours." Four hours to see a city with a thousand years of history! One could go into almost any one of the colleges and spend a week in the quadrangle, studying the history of the place and becoming familiar with the personalities who have gone in and out of its doors. It is doubtful if any other educational institution in human history has had the influence on a people and a nation which Oxford has had on the British Commonwealth and Empire. The contributions to science, philsophy and literature of those who have known its precincts is simply inestimable. There is nothing I would enjoy more than spending a year and never going outside the city limits of Oxford. The narrow streets, the cobblestones, are all eloquent with the past, while parts of the city are feeling the impact of the industrial era which has already come to the ancient city, whether for better or worse only the years can answer.

I have never known anyone to come to Oxford who was able in a lesser time to absorb its history and become enamored with the city than June. She visited every college, took many interesting pictures, and became familiar in a comparatively short time with much of its history and the many interesting episodes connected with the colleges.

My Sunday in Oxford this year was a most inspiring one. I preached in the morning at Manchester College in a most impressive service conducted by Dr. Sidney Spencer, principal of Manchester College. The Reverend L. A. Garrard, Editor of the Hibbard Journal, and Dr. Short, Professor of Church History, were in the congregation. The College had a very fine choir composed of men and boys. The principal and Mrs. Spencer invited me to have dinner with them after the service in their lovely home in one of the college buildings. This building is one of the ancient buildings of Oxford and tradition has it that at one time it was used as a nunnery. The home was attractively furnished and projected the atmosphere of the scholar, the educator and the housewife. I am looking forward to being again in Oxford next July, just prior to the meeting of the International Congress on Free Religion, in Belfast.

* * *

An unexpected opportunity came to me at Oxford, for Mr. Pocock, who took us to Sidmouth, arranged to have me visit a part of England for a few days which I had never seen. Everyone in England talks about the Cotswolds and a great many Americans who go to England visit them, but I had never seen them. They are that unspoiled bit of primitive, pastoral beauty—rolling hills, verdure clad, beautiful hedges, narrow highways and little streams. I spent every day from Monday until Friday going through the countryside of what many think is the loveliest part of England—the

dignity, the beauty, the history of Ely Cathedral and lovely Exeter and Salisbury, visiting them all—and the effect of the beauty was a valuable experience. The ancient village of Bourton-on-the-Water, Chipping Campden, Upper and Lower Slaughter—the very names themselves of these little Cotswold villages linger in one's memory. The thatched roofs, the narrow streets, the rolling hills, this is England at its best. And I was fortunate in these experiences in having with me Maurice Pocock, for he knew intimately every turn in the road.

In the late afternoon one lovely day we drove into Stratford-upon-Avon. I had never driven into Stratford. I had always gone by train, and to see the spire of Trinity Church rising out of the surrounding foliage, and the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre on the banks of the Avon, as you come up over the distant hill, makes an entirely different impression than arriving by train in a covered station.

* * *

I shall go on with more of my chats with you in our Christmas number next month. It is encouraging for us who work hard to make our church magazine an inspiring and attractive and adequate presentation of the life of the church and the message which it has, to know that more copies of the November number of The Liberalist have been published than in any other month in its history. It was necessary because of the requests, to get 500 more copies than we usually publish.

It is not too early for me to suggest that perhaps you might like to make The Liberalist a Christmas present this year to someone. We will mail it to any address in the world and send a card saying that you are sending it to the recipient as a Christmas gift, to be a reminder every month during the year of your love and friendship for them.

Thanksgiving Day will soon be here. Let us not forget to express our thanks to someone who might be thinking we have forgotten something they might have done for us.

**GOOD LITERATURE continually read for pleasure, must, let us hope, do some good to the reader; must quicken his perception though dull, and sharpen his discrimination though blunt, and mellow the rawness of his personal opinions.**

***Housman***

# SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

**SUNDAY EVENING SERVICES OPEN**

**in**

**THE PEOPLES CHURCH**

**Lawrence at Sheridan Road**

**SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 7 p.m.**

DR. BRADLEY'S SUBJECT:

"Where Do We Go from Here?—A Political Forecast"

Service not broadcast

FREE PARKING back of the church courtesy Kemper Insurance Company

✦ ✦ ✦

**22nd SEASON OF**

**WEDNESDAY EVENING BOOK LECTURES**

**By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY**

**IN THE CHURCH AUDITORIUM**

**8 P.M.**

Nov. 3—"GO IN PEACE"—Dr. Loyal Davis

Nov. 10—"I WILL CRY TOMORROW"—Lillian Roth, Mike Connolly, and Gerold Frank

Nov. 17—"HANG UP THE FIDDLE"—Frederic Babcock

Nov. 24—No Book Review

✦ ✦ ✦

**ANNUAL BAZAAR OF THE PEOPLES CHURCH**

**THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 11 FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 12**

Dinners will be served on Thursday and Friday evenings at 6 o'clock.....$1.50

Luncheon will be served on Thursday only at 12:30 p.m.....$.50

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A Turkey
Reflex Camera, with flash and bulb, films and carrying case
Olsen Rug
Oriental Rug (Torcom's)

# "CHRIST, THE HOPE OF THE WORLD WAS IT DIMMED OR BRIGHTENED IN EVANSTON?"

**SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY**
**Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago**
**Sunday, September 26, 1954**

IN many respects this past summer has been one of the most important and the most significant and the most unusual summers the world has had for a long, long time, not only in the difficult and fragile fields of international relations, as expressed in political formations, not only in the controversy which is waging throughout the educational world—and it is a great controversy—but in the area of religion. For the first time in the history of our nation religion became of central interest to the people of our country partly, of course, because of the geographical location of the great Evanston Conference and Association and Meeting and partly because of the renewal of an interest in the whole field of religion throughout the world. This morning I have chosen to give you a few ideas which came to me as a result of my own reactions to the Evanston Meeting, as well as some observations upon what, it seems to me, is necessary in the field of Christianity if Christianity is ever to meet the high opportunity which is before it today. Necessarily, some of the things which I say will appear critical. I hope they will not be destructive, but I do hope that they will be a fair presentation and, at any rate, they will be the honest expression of my own reactions. I have been interested in the thought of the ecumenical background of Christianity all of my life. I have never been much of a creedalist; I have never been a dogmatist, and I have never anchored my loyalties to one ecclesiastical denomination as the solution of the problems of this world! That is why I have never been a devotee of any particular church or any particular organization with undue emphasis and unwarranted loyalty. I have tried to keep the larger concept of the purpose of Christianity and the meaning of Christ in my entire life. Therefore, obviously, the intellectually discriminating mind and the person who thinks logically and creatively would expect me to be true to my consistent position, and that I will be! I have never found it possible to wrap my loyalties around any particular Christian denomination, as I have never been able to accept any particular Christian creed.

I have studied thoroughly and analytically and carefully the history of the great creeds of Christendom for years—the Creed of Athanasius, the Nicene Creed, the Apostles' Creed and all the creeds that the church has developed and which mean so much to so many people. I would be the last one to undermine the faith of any person in the great historic and traditional aspect of Christianity, and I hope whatever I say this morning will not be construed as in any way attempting to undermine any person's faith or disturb any person's loyalty. That is the furthest from my mind. I just want to see if it is possible for us in the light of the Evanston experience to learn some lessons, both by

the mistakes which were made—some of which will probably be continued—and by some of the fine accomplishments which did result because of the Evanston Conference.

This idea of the ecumenical church is not a new idea to churchmen. It has existed among the great leaders of the Christian faith down through the ages. It is to be found quite as much in the Roman Catholic area as it is in the Protestant. Almost every important ecclesiast of any Christian emphasis whatever has, somewhere in his philosophy, a plea of a higher church beyond the limitations of man-made constitution. The spirit of the ecumenical ideal is a constant spirit in the hearts and souls of Christian leadership everywhere in the world and in every denomination. But the difficulties and the problems and the obstacles which are constantly before this ideal seem to be dealt with, at any rate to me, rather unrealistically by a great many people who have the position and the responsibilities of directing and of leadership.

In the first place, a creedal statement, or a theological statement, became the basis for admission on the part of churches! And that creedal statement was the statement that only those churches and only those organizations and only those personalities were welcome who believe that Christ is the God and the Father and the Saviour of mankind. That statement was the underlying statement which was at the door and no church—no matter what it was—could be admitted to the Conference, officially, that didn't accept that theological statement! That immediately shut out some of the finest Christians and some of the noblest Christian activities the world has ever seen. And to me, it seems a little less than tragic, when the Christians from two hemispheres and from forty or fifty countries of the world, speaking an infinite variety of languages, bringing any number of traditional backgrounds in the practices and ceremonies of their respective religions, were attempting to get together in a conference, they should construct a theological barrier that prevented the opportunity of the influence and the presence of some of the finest spiritual and Christian forces the world has ever known—which leads me to this deduction—that, as a result of the World Council of Churches Meeting, there will not be the efficacious presentation or application of Christian truth that there might have been if the doors had been more widely opened to those who disagree with them in their theology! If you're going to make theology the basis for unity—you will *never* have unity! For there will never be one theology and there will never be one church with sufficient truth to contain all of truth, so that as history advances and civilization advances and the intelligence of man advances there will be no infiltration of new truth!

There is no room for progress in Christianity without the ever continuing presence of inspiration! And I happen to believe that inspiration did not cease with the production of one book, and inspiration did not cease with the production of one creed or of one church. Inspiration is always the technique of the Divine! And wherever man has expressed himself creatively and artistically and beautifully, he has done it under the inspiration of that Divine! Therefore, no church and no creed—I care not what it is, nor do I care how old it is, nor do I care what ceremonies it has and I do not care how many people belong to it—no church and no creed that closes the door to the progress and to the human mind and the human spirit

(*Continued on page* 12)

# The Liberalist

**FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER**

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D. ..... Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY ..... In Memoriam
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## EDITORIAL

I REMEMBER reading a year or two ago an article by Mrs. Ethel Somers in one of our daily papers, in which Mrs. Somers stated it was Sarah Josepha Hale, woman's editor of Godey's Lady's Book who, spurred on by the gallant New England annual Thanksgiving celebrations, after 17 years of unceasing work through her columns, editorials, stories and verse on the subject finally persuaded a President, Abraham Lincoln, to do what other Presidents had refused her —to make the celebration of a definite annual Thanksgiving Day nationwide.

Our Pilgrim Fathers reverently and spontaneously inaugurated the first Thanksgiving in 1621 and invited some 90 Indians to share the bounty of their harvest with them. George Washington set aside the last Thursday in November, 1789, dedicated to thankful feasting all over the nation for the first time. Then came a series of Presidents who ignored Thanksgiving.

Sarah Hale published delicious menus on her cookery pages in Godey's Lady's Book, appropriate to the Thanksgiving feast, in an attempt to stimulate her cause, and in 1863 Secretary of State Seward replied to one of her letters that he had recommended her idea to the President. She was then 75 years old. She was granted an audience with Lincoln, who issued the proclamation on Oct. 3, 1863, which made Thanksgiving a definite annual day of national rejoicing.

Dr. William L. Stidger tells us in one of his little stories that Sinclair Lewis, in a facetious remark, once said to Ethel Barrymore: "Ethel, I don't believe you did as well as you could this afternoon. You let down on us." And Mr. Stidger says that Ethel Barrymore's eyes flashed fire and she replied: "No Drew or Barrymore ever goes on the stage, no matter how he feels, or how large or small the crowd is; no matter whether it is New York City or some small town, that he does not give the best he has to an audience. For we have learned through four generations that we get back just about what we give."

I wonder if we ever think of ourselves as sending stations—stations that will get back out of life just about what we send—whether we send love or hate; whether we send gratitude or selfish ingratitude. And what better time to begin sending waves of gratitude than in this month, when one day is set aside by Presidential proclamation in which to express our gratitude to God for his bounty.

# CHRIST, THE HOPE OF THE WORLD

(*Continued from page* 10)

will ever solve the problems of this world's ill. It will only result in more theological controversy, just as the Evanston experience was very close to being completely wrecked. The difficulties were carefully maneuvered and manipulated by great statesmen in the Christian Church, who were at Evanston, who prevented the tragedy! If it had been left to the theologians alone, Evanston would have resulted in dire tragedy. The theme of Evanston was Christ, the Hope of the World, and no truer statement ever was made! Christ *is* the Hope of the World! And how beautiful, if *that* would have been the emphasis to the exclusion of introducing the *theology* of Christ as the Hope of the World and dividing into myriads of divisions the idea of what was meant by Christ being the Hope of the World! Some said it is only in the second coming of Christ. It seems rather ridiculous to me for Christians to be concerned about the second coming of Christ when there are so many of them that have never taken much concern in His coming the first time! I am much more interested in the application of the things which Christ stood for to the whole area of modern society today and giving Christ a chance, than I am in any theological controversy about when He's coming the second time; or if He's coming at all; or whether included in the idea of the second coming of Christ is the fact of the physical presence of Christ appearing in the clouds; or whether it is the coming into the human consciousness of the Christ spirit! I believe in the second coming of Christ, and that second coming of Christ is when the Christ consciousness is revealed to your heart and mine! And if we could have kept out of the situation this theological controversy and all this argument, there might have been a far different reaction than there was!

Think of a Conference of Christianity that would admit Billy Graham and leave out Albert Schweitzer; think of a Conference of Christianity that *will* admit the creedalist and the formalist and the dogmatist and the finalist and the absolutist—who is obsessed with the theory that they have the only truth, that they only are right and that you must conform to them or you are wrong and an outcast—that would, by the very nature of the admission, leave out the man who wrote "Nearer, My God, to Thee!" The author of the prayer "Nearer, My God, to Thee!" could not be, officially, a member of the World Council of Churches! Or imagine attempting to build up some kind of basis of unity for the application of the Spirit of Christ in the world that would leave out the group that I think is nearer the Spirit of Christ than any other group I know in the Christian world, a group which has done more to apply the principles of Christ to the experiences of daily life and to the agony and horror of war than any other Christian group in the world—the Quakers! And the Quakers were not wanted at Evanston! There was a galaxy of other Christian organizations —and I could go on—the Unitarians were not wanted; the Universalists were not wanted; our friends of the Christian Science Church were not wanted!

There were all these theological barriers, these arguments, these ceremonies—even the tragedy within the Council itself of being unable to hold

a general communion service because some of those who were following Christ could not break bread together at the same table—and even though there were groups of Christians who did break bread and who did meet together, there was even difficulty among our friends of the Lutheran Church. It was impossible for some who belonged to certain Lutheran Synods to break bread with those who belonged to other Lutheran Synods, and so each one had to have their own Lord's Supper. While our Orthodox friends from the East, with all the regalia and with all the churchism and with all the ceremony, *refused* to have communion with anybody! And so the very heart and soul of the Spirit of Christianity, namely, the observance of eating together in memory of our Lord and His death, His passion and His suffering, could not take place at Evanston! Each had to have their own little, individual communion, according to their own theory!

Ladies and gentlemen, you may criticize me for what I am about to say—if you do, it will be the second time in my life I've ever been criticized, so I will go right on and say what I believe with my heart and soul; Christ is the Hope of the World, but that Hope must first be revealed to the Spirit of the Church itself by getting rid of what Mr. Emerson rightly called: "The mumps, the measles and the millinery of religion!" Christ can only be the Hope of the World when the purity and the sweetness and the courage and the loveliness of what Christ was to the sons of earth in all the simplicity of His love, in all the glory of His understanding, is revealed to the Spirit of the Church itself!

Therefore it is the Church above the Church with which I am concerned! The Church that you can belong to and I can belong to without any Bishop, Priest, Pope, Minister, Clergyman, Rabbi or anybody else saying: "You can, or you can't!" For the finest experience with Christ is not through institutionalism or ecclesiasticism; the finest experience with Christ is between you and the Spirit of Christ—just you two! And it is the argument about the Divinity and the Deity of Christ and all the theology of Christianity, which has stood in the way! If the Christian Church had spent one-half as much money, one-half as much energy in putting into practice in this stricken and tortured world the Golden Rule and the Sermon on the Mount, and had made those things the heart and soul of Christianity, do you think we would be where we are today in this world? If Christianity had spent one-half as much money and one-half as much energy in making this world the Kingdom of God as they have spent in theological argument about what's going to happen to a person after they're dead, or how big Heaven is, or who knows the entire extent of the Mystery of Christ, do you think we would be where we are today in this world?

Christianity's hope and Christianity's future is in the application of the principles of Christ to the society of which we are all a part! That means that that Spirit of Christ must go into every area of life; it must touch every circumference of life! Just think of calling anything "Christian" that would leave out Josiah Royce; that would leave out James Martineau; that would leave out William James; that would eliminate Ralph Waldo Emerson; that could not tolerate Thomas Jefferson; that would refuse Abraham Lincoln! Abraham Lincoln's Christianity could not pass muster under Evanston's standards! Abraham Lincoln would be a stranger! And I wonder what it would do to Christ,

Himself! I often wonder what would happen, if in some great theological conference, with all the glamour and the glitter and the pageantry of organized Christianity, I wonder what would happen if there would come down the aisle a lowly carpenter's Son, with His face bathed in tears! I wonder what He would say, this Christ that we talk so much about and have so much theology over—I wonder what He would say?

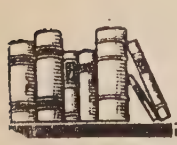
I would rather get the opinion of the woman who said: "If I could just touch the hem of His garment, I'll be whole!" I would rather have the verdict of the man whose eyes had been lifted from the scales of sin and he could say: "Once I was blind, and now I can see!" I would rather get the verdict of the man who was building and building and building mere materialistic success and hear the words: "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" You can have your Christ of Creeds; you can have your Christ of Dogmas and of Theological Controversies; you can have your Christ of Theology—give me the Christ of the Highways and the Byways; the Christ of the Tenements; the Christ of Broken Hearts; the Christ of Bruised Lives, and let me see *that* Christ touch them and I will show you the Hope of the World to change the world into the Spirit of Christ! I close with these words of Edwina Markham:

They drew a circle that shut me out.
Heretic! Rebel! A thing to flout,
But Love and I had the wit to win,
We drew a circle and took them in!

Infinite Spirit of Truth, take the words which have been spoken into the hearts of men, and may we see the Spirit of Christ in the life we live!

## Community Thanksgiving Service

Thanksgiving Morning, Thursday, November 25th, 11 a.m. to 12:00 noon. The Country Church of the City (Granville Avenue Methodist), Rev. Benjamin M. Will, Pastor; and the Assyrian Congregational Church, Rev. Paul S. Newey, Pastor; as well as North Shore Kiwanis, the Uptown Lions Club, and other civic organizations of the city, will unite with us in the service. Dr. Bradley will preach the Thanksgiving sermon and the Rev. Will and Rev. Newey will assist in the service, which will be broadcast by WJJD direct from the pulpit of the church.



# BOOK CHATS

(We continue in this issue the review of *The Drama of Albert Einstein,* by Antonina Vallentin, published by Doubleday & Company on August 19th, which was begun in the October issue.)

IN examining the influences of gravitation on light, Einstein made another breach in Newtonian physics, by declaring that a light ray undergoes a deviation in proportion to the gravitation, so that it

acquires the shape of a parabola. He stressed in a paper he prepared for the *Year Book of Physics,* that this deviation of stationary stars must be visible during an eclipse of the sun, so that it would be possible to verify his experiment. He said "It would be urgently desirable for astronomers to become interested in this question, even if the considerations given here appear insufficiently founded or even adventuresome."

And Antonina Vallentin says, "In that world of thought where nothing is lost, the idea went on its way."

In 1913 Albert Einstein received the most flattering invitation that could have been given to a man of thirty-four—he was proposed as a member of the scientific institute founded by the Emperor, the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute. This included membership in the Prussian Academy of Science. The Berlin of 1913 vibrated with an intense intellectual life and was the cradle of great spiritual movements as well as of new scientific ideas. The University of Berlin counted among its professors the greatest names in almost every sphere. But Einstein was cautious. As professor he would be a government servant. As a civil servant he acquired with his post German nationality. He had not lost the convictions of his youth which had once made him break with the country of his birth. His Swiss nationality, which he had adopted as a young man, had given him the feeling of being international rather than national. The problem was a hard one for the German scientists to swallow. Einstein and Professor Haguenin were the only ones in this large university body to remain foreigners while becoming Prussian civil servants. Speaking of Einstein's deep distress at leaving his first wife and his sons, the author says "it was probably the only time in his life when anyone saw him cry."

On the murder of the Archduke and the declaration of war, it was as though the sky had fallen. At first the masses revolted and marched through the streets crying "Down with war!" However the next day, even though the crowd was larger, the Kaiser appeared and the same crowd took on the warlike ardor. Einstein never forgot how a crowd could be completely won over to a destructive impulse. His pacificism was instinctive. "This blindness, incomprehensible to me, has struck like an epidemic many who have always seemed to think and feel clearly up to now," he wrote to Romain Rolland. He added, "Even the scientists of various countries behave as though eight months ago they had had their brains amputated."

Einstein found support and soon after shelter in Berlin at the home of an Uncle and the latter's daughter. This meeting between Einstein and his cousin Elsa was the beginning of the only permanent personal relationship of his life. It was on November 28, 1915, at the height of the war, that Einstein wrote to a physicist friend: "This last month I have lived through the most exciting and the most exacting period of my life; it would be true to say that it has also been the most fruitful. Writing letters has been out of the question. I realized that up till now my field equations of gravitation had been entirely devoid of foundation. When all my confidence in the old theory vanished, I saw clearly that a satisfactory solution could only be reached by linking it with the theory of the Riemann variations. The wonderful thing that happened then was that not only did the theory of Newton result from it, as a first approximation, but also the perihelian motion of Mercury (43″ per century) as a second

approximation. For the deviation of light by the sun, I obtained twice this figure." To Sommerfeld's slightly skeptical reaction, Einstein replied on a postcard dated February 8, 1916, with the brevity and assurance of a man who has acquired a final certainty: "You will be convinced of the general theory of relativity as soon as you have studied it. Therefore I will not utter a word in its defense."

In 1919, in May, there was a total eclipse of the sun. Two great expeditions were organized for observations and photographs. The deviation of light was established at 1.64 seconds; the deviation Einstein had fixed at 1.75 seconds. In February of 1952, with newer apparatus and a better equipped expedition, the deviation of light established came closer to the figure arrived at by Einstein—1.70. But the success of the earlier experiment had by now been generally recognized. Prince Louis de Broglie said: "The theories of Einstein can be compared to burning flares, throwing a brief but powerful light on an immense and unknown region."

Fame might have brought a fortune to Einstein, but he refused all fabulous offers—astronomical fees to appear for ten minutes on the screen. He was told he would only need to stand in front of a blackboard with a piece of chalk in his hand. He laughed and said: "What next? You really believe that I'll behave like a performing monkey?"

It is interesting to read that Albert Einstein, like Albert Schweitzer, the great humanitarian, has great respect for life—that he has an intense joy of life—a sort of "intoxicated joy and wonder at the beauty and sublime grandeur of the world"—similar to the feeling found in the song of a bird, "that stimulates the desire for knowledge and is the source of creative effort."

Albert Einstein came to America with Weizmann to collect the necessary funds for Zionist organizations and for the foundation of a university. He was particularly tempted with the idea of founding a university in Jerusalem and thought of the unfortunate students who came to tell him of their difficulties, as though defeated from the start by adversity. He sailed to America "as an emissary of all those without a fatherland, both in the past and in the future. In reply to a Jewish Rabbi who cabled to him in advance this question, "Do you believe in God?" Einstein cabled back this truthful reply: "I believe in Spinoza's God, who reveals himself in a harmony among all people, not in a God who worries about the destiny and actions of man." He was firmly convinced of the harmony of the universe. He recognized the existence of a force superior to our lives and calls that force cosmic religion; a religion that has taken the place of the ethics of a religion of fear; a religion that has based morality on man's consciousness of the nobility of his aims and on his sense of dignity. In 1940 he said: "Science without religion is lame; religion without science is blind." And one day he said: "The man who is not familiar with this sense of the mysterious, and who has lost the faculty of wonder and veneration, is a dead man." He is inclined to believe in telepathy; and in a reality outside us and believes also that with the exploration of this reality a new era would begin for humanity.

Though he had been appointed and served after the First World War on the International Committee of Intellectual Co-operation, by 1929 the League had become so impotent, and because men appointed to this committee were at heart Fascists, Einstein resigned from the committee. He said:

"I feel as if I were looking at a house on fire where people were trying to save the furniture but weren't taking the trouble to choose the most valuable pieces." Einstein felt that primary education should be a method of keeping the peace; that as primary education was the only education received by a great majority of children, that it was of great importance and that the character given to it would have the greatest influence on the pacific or aggressive development of modern civilization." But topical matters were filtered through national committees before reaching Geneva, and Einstein left Geneva in disgust. Einstein felt at that time that a pacificism that did not actively oppose the rearmament of nations was and would remain impotent. In the decisive years later on, when Nazism was progressing slowly, it was the beginning of a great problem of conscience with Einstein. From 1933 only one question haunted him: "How can Europe be saved from disaster?" He was involved in an inner conflict when he replied to himself and to others: "We must even face battle when it becomes necessary to safeguard law and human dignity." And in envisaging that possibility, Einstein denied all his past, the main principle of his life—the maintenance of peace.

It was rumored there was a price on Einstein's head and King Albert of Belgium had Einstein's refuge in Belgium surrounded with his private police. The French Minister of National Education offered Einstein a Chair at the College de France, but Einstein accepted the offer of the Institute at Princeton, and left for America in the fall. In 1934 Mrs. Einstein's daughter Ilsa died (she had two daughters by a former husband. Einstein had two sons by a former wife). Mrs. Einstein lived only two years after the death of this daughter. Her death severed the strongest tie Einstein ever had with a human being.

Leopold Infeld, Einstein's collaborator, remarked that in 1955 the theory of relativity would be fifty years old. He said it was an obsolete assumption that science was reserved for a few privileged minds, stating that "Einstein would not have been one of the few who have influenced our century most strongly if his ideas on physics had been understood by only a few." He wrote this in 1950, stating that at least twenty-five of his students already had a considerable knowledge of the theory of relativity. He added: "The static character of the quantum theory is regarded by many physicists as essential and it seems to them very unlikely that it will change in the future. Einstein is almost isolated in his belief that it will."

This book says of Einstein that the principal source from which he drew his obstinate determination was surely the magnitude of the goal he pursued. "One of his biographers, Lincoln Barnett, described its immense importance in these words: "... it promulgates a set of universal laws designed to encompass not only the boundless gravitational and electromagnetic fields of interstellar space but also the tiny, terrible field inside the atom ... In its vast cosmic picture ... the abyss between macrocosmos and microcosmos—the very big and the very little —will be bridged ..." The complex totality of the universe would thus be resolved in one homogeneous movement in which matter and universe could not be distinguished the one from the other. All forms of movement, from the slow wheeling movements of the galaxy of stars to the rapid flight of electrons, would appear simply as modifications of the structure and degree of concentration of the original field."

While the entire book is drama at its highest, Chapter XIII of this book is the world's highest point of drama to date. The top scientists who were driven from their countries by a maniac were the ones who could have handed those countries the most valuable weapon of the ages; but it was handed to America. This chapter must be read and not digested here.

While some of the statements about Albert Einstein's work were difficult of comprehension, though simply stated, this only served to make me more appreciative of his vast undertaking and I could realize how the path he had chosen from his earliest youth was to him a religion of high idealism, beyond the confines of our earth, for it comprehended the unity of the universe. The fact that the reader recognizes in himself or herself many of the emotions of this great personality in connection with the great catastrophes of our time encourages one to think there is still hope, in spite of the wrong having seemed to triumph. We still feel the real worth of humanity—the worth of our high ideals and a greater desire to find a way to have some small part in carrying them out. I am grateful that I still possess "the faculty of wonder and veneration" and thus I know I am not "dead" though seeming to be alive—that I really live because I have this sense of wonder and amazement.

As I finished the last chapter of this book, relating the author's last visit with Einstein, I found that emotion caused the tears to well to my eyes. So beautifully does Antonina Vallentin bring this great personality into one's very presence that it is as though the reader knows him well. I quote these lines from Albert Einstein:

"For me the essence of religion is to be able to get under the skin of another human being, to rejoice in his joy and suffer his pain."

"Never do anything against your conscience even if the state demands it." ("Then Peter and the other apostle answered and said, We ought to obey God rather than men.")

"The moral qualities of great personalities are perhaps more significant for a generation and for the course of history than purely intellectual accomplishments."

"God is subtle but he is not malicious."

# The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

**By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY**

AS I sit here and look out the Study window at a very cold and uninviting lake, it seems impossible that I could have covered as much territory as I did this summer and be back here looking at Lake Michigan again. Mrs. Eddins and I left Chicago Friday, the 13th of August, traveled by auto, touching some part of sixteen states of the United States and four provinces of Canada, entering Canada three different times and returning as many times to the States, covering 7,546 miles, and I was

back at my desk here in the Study, looking once again at dear old Lake Michigan, on September 12th. One month of "one-night stands" I call it, for with one exception we never slept in the same place but one night. The exception was San Francisco, where Mrs. Eddins has a nephew, who has recently settled there with his family. Also, we did sleep two nights in Los Angeles, but they were not succeeding nights, for in between the first and third nights, we went to Catalina Island where we stayed one night.

In retrospect the effect is a bit kaleidoscopic. We both realize that all we did was to give ourselves the temptation of wanting to go back to every important place we visited and stay there a couple of weeks at least, to really imbibe the atmosphere satisfactorily.

I shall always be deeply grateful to Helen Eddins for making it possible for me to "have a look" at all the marvelous western country I had heard so much about but had never seen, for should I never get back to any of these spots again, I do have a very good general picture of the varied and beautiful nature of our country. In fact, there is a value gained in seeing this over-all picture and I can realize where there is value in one of these hurried around-the-world trips, if one can afford that luxury. If for nothing else, it makes the world seem smaller, more integrated and brings all humanity closer in one's perspective and viewpoint. It makes the world seem more wonderful too, just for our stopping to concentrate on its wonders and beauty in so many places. Surely the advent of the aeroplane will stimulate many varied ideas in this world to the benefit of the whole world.

One could not find a better tour leader than our own Helen Eddins, or one who more perfectly personifies good human relations,—a perfect public relations agent. Five minutes after she arrives on a spot she has made friends with someone and found out a great deal about the place she is in. Having been to a city once, she always remembers what are the things one should see there. And, above all, she can adapt and adjust herself to any circumstances and is always master of the situation. We made fine traveling companions. We seemed to think so much alike that many a time one would speak the other's thoughts.

We kept our expenses down to a very reasonable figure, yet we were always comfortable and well taken care of.

The delightful part of our trip to me was the fact that it was not all laid out as by slide-rule. We had a general idea of some places we might cover, but we studied the map a few states at a time and covered as much as we could in the time we had. And though we planned a bit from day to day in this manner, we covered an unbelievable amount and possibly more than we would have, had we tried to figure it all out from the start. Certainly it held so many surprises for me that I was delighted I had not known just exactly where I was going or what I was going to see until we came upon these things one day at a time.

What did we see? Dr. and Mrs. Bradley's Island home, visited over Sunday and had a bracing speedboat trip, with June Bradley at the wheel, on beautiful Lake Vermilion, by way of Big Bay and the Muskrat Channel. Went north through International Falls and around by Lake of the Woods, in Ontario Province, Canada, to Winnipeg, in Manitoba. Came south to North Dakota, crossed Montana and toured the Waterton-Glacier International Peace Park, from east to west and back again. Went northeast to

Calgary, Canada, to Banff and Lake Louise in Alberta Province, crossing Banff National Park twice. Came southwest to Grand Coulee Dam in northeast Washington. Northwest from here we entered British Columbia and went west on the beautiful Spokane-Columbia Highway to Vancouver, B.C. Thence we ferried across from Vancouver, on the Strait of Georgia to the little city of Nanaimo on Vancouver Island, with its fascinating flower baskets hung on the lamp posts in front of its little but beautiful city hall building. Next morning we drove down the east coast to a small ferry, the Mills Ferry, which we took across Brentwood Bay, over to the peninsula at the tip of which are the Butchart Gardens. Here we had lunch in a lovely old home on a big estate, where are these world-famous gardens. By now I had become accustomed to the exquisite coloring and profusion of the flowers of British Columbia, for at Banff, surrounding the Government House of the city, were gardens ablaze with blossoms of every variety. Mrs. Eddins had been telling me, when I gloried in the lovely flowers in Glacier National Park—"Just wait till we get to Banff; then you will see lovely flowers!" But here at the Butchart Gardens was a spaciousness of landscaping, variety in foliage and in their floral display which had an exquisite beauty and charm all its own. We drove south to Victoria, the capital of British Columbia which is not on the mainland of British Columbia, but at the southern point of Vancouver Island. It is said that Victoria is more British than Britain. But I will tell you more about that in a later issue.

Again we took a ferry for about a two-hour trip across the Strait of Juan de Fuca, to Port Angeles on the northern coast of Washington. We came down through Olympia, the capital, down to Kelso, then along the Columbia River to Portland, Oregon, through Salem and Eugene, down to beautiful Crater Lake National Park. From here we went southwest through Grant's Pass and came out on the high cliffs at the edge of the Pacific Ocean at Crescent City, California. That first view was breath-taking to me—my first view of the Pacific, with its huge rocks along the coast.

We continued along the coast below Eureka and came in to the 300 miles of highway which winds through the groves of California Redwoods, each grove dedicated as a memorial to some prominent person. At the moment I remember beautiful Richardson Grove, dedicated to a former governor of the State. One could write a few chapters on the wonderful redwoods. I was amazed to read since arriving home that only the outer two-inches of these trees is alive, all that enormous width across the inner part of the tree being in reality dead cells, yet some of these trees are calculated to be as old as 3,000 years. I think our readers would enjoy reading about the Sequoia trees in the Encyclopedia Britannica. Their story is very interesting. I saw many enormous ones being taken to logging camps. But fortunately the Save-the-Redwoods League and other organizations have through their activities preserved many fine stands of virgin timber which are now protected in state parks. One of the redwoods, near Dyerville, Humboldt County, is by actual measurement 364 feet tall. Mrs. Eddins and I stood beneath it and looked up through its green foliage to the sky. It is the tallest known redwood. Both the redwood and the Sequoia gigantea are strongly resistant to insects and parasites and to fire, due to the presence of tannin and the absence of resin or pitch. Though

burned badly they will often heal over the burn with a scar and go on living and grow around the burn. I saw one redwood in which a souvenir store was arranged inside it. It was called the Tree-House. The S. gigantea does not grow as tall as the redwood, but exceeds it in diameter. It is commonly reputed to be "the oldest living thing." The maximum diameter of the redwood is about 18 feet, whereas the Sequoia gigantea known as "General Sherman" in Sequoia National Park has a base diameter of 32 feet. Its height is 272 feet. The redwood is remarkable not only for the perfection of the tall graceful trunks and for the rich foliage, but also for the luxuriant growth of ferns and other plants that covers the forest floor. The gigantea does not grow as tall as the redwood, but is larger in bulk. The redwood is native only to the coast of California and a few miles across the boundary into Oregon, while the gigantea is native only to the westerly slope of the Sierra Nevada Mountains in California. How grateful we should be to have these blessings of nature within our boundaries and how carefully we should guard them.

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley: You will be receiving thousands of letters about your wonderful sermon of this morning. I just want to add my few words of appreciation. You have given strength and courage to all of us who cannot accept dogmas and creeds, but do want to believe in and live according to the teachings of Jesus.

This morning's sermon would be wonderful as a sermon mailed by the Christian Church of the Larger Fellowship. In that way so many people would benefit by it. I hope also that it will be possible to have it printed in a coming Liberalist. It all costs money to do these things and so I am enclosing a dollar for your fine work, out of our household budget envelope.

Thank you—thank you again and again for just being our most wonderful preacher, Dr. Bradley.

With best wishes,

Mr. and Mrs. W. I. Vanden Bosch.

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley: We specially liked your sermon this a.m. concerning the meeting at Evanston.

Let us have more of that kind of thinking. Bless you.

Very truly,

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Arnold.

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley: If you never preach another sermon, the one today would be enough for humanity for the next 100 years. You were inspired. We all felt it, and I gave thanks that I was privileged to be among the listeners and hear what I, too, have believed for so many years.

For the benefit of those who could not hear you and who *need* this broad view of the Christ, will you publish this sermon in the Liberalist so that we may purchase several copies? I have one friend who would like ten copies and will pay $10 for them. I wish enough people would contribute to a fund and publish this in booklet form. I have no wealthy friends, but I have many who would give small amounts. You used so much of that rare quality among ministers, TACT, that I do not believe your words offended *any* orthodox listener who had an open mind.

You will be interested in the words of a wealthy friend of mine who wrote, after reading how many days and words were used in trying to get an agreement on the Christ Consciousness, at Evanston: "I can tell them in four short words how to get the *truth* about

the Christ, and save their precious creative thought-force — "Live the Christ life!" I know you would say "Amen" to this.

Best wishes for your fine work, and please put the enclosed bill in the collection plate for me.

Sincerely yours,
Agnes L. Dorsey.

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley: I want you to know how deeply grateful I am for the great privilege of being able to listen to you over the radio.

My life was on very shaky ground until I heard you for the first time six years ago, and since then you have helped me more than anyone to grow spiritually and to become a worthwhile personality.

Thank you most sincerely.
Your ardent admirer,
Berry K. Smetko.

* * *

KEEP — ON — THE — BEAM!

# Dr. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

## SEPTEMBER

16—Address. Faculty Meeting. Duluth Teachers, Auditorium, Washington Jr. High School, Duluth, Minnesota.
17—Wedding.
18—Two Weddings.
Sick calls.
19—Opening Service. 43rd Year. Peoples Church.
Wedding.
Attended dedication of St. Charles, Ill. Methodist Church.
Address. Men's Club. Willard Memorial Church, Oak Park, Illinois.
20—TV Program. Interview. WDAN, Danville, Illinois.
Address. Industrial Club. Danville, Ill.
21—Wedding.
22—Address. Beth Am Men's Club. So. Shore Amer. Legion Hall.
23—Funeral.
Address. Friends of Literature, 24th Opening Address.
24—Conference, Sherman Hotel.
25—Two Funerals.
Two Weddings.
26—Sermon. Peoples Church.
Wedding.
Address. Sunday Forum. Greater Bethesda Church.
27—Wedding.
Address. Opening Luncheon Woman's Club. Peoples Church. Edgewater Beach Hotel.
Funeral.
Library Board Meeting.
28—Three Funerals.
Address. Opening Meeting, Men's Club, Peoples Church.
Sick calls.
30—Funeral.
Sick call.
Dedication Library Branch, Milwaukee and Division.
Literary conference.

## FUNERALS

23—Mr. Archie Leslie Beebe.
25—Mrs. Amos Ryan.
Mr. Frank B. Redington.
27—Mrs. Rose J. Pomazal.
28—Mrs. Jane S. Daniels.
Mr. Albert E. Osberg.
Mr. Charles Monson.
30—William McKean.

## WEDDINGS

17—Elsie Backus and Anthony John Law.
18—Virginia L. Cotie and James E. Phillips.
Lois McKee and John Cole.
19—Bernice Peterson and Arnold Wolf.
21—Lena Mary Young and Louis Schlesinger.
25—Marie Auberlin and Fred C. Kramer.
Charlotte Monson and Howard E. Haynie, Jr.
26—Betty Deppe and William C. Cox.
27—Rosalie Melin and Ronald Mossberger.

# THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

## 941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday School—Mrs. Carl Swanson, Superintendent
Ronald Walrath, Director Religious Education ..... 9:30 a.m.

Sunday Morning Service, Broadcast by WJJD ..... 11:00 to 12:00 noon

Sunday Evening Service (Opening November 7th) ..... 7:00 p.m.

Wednesday Evening Book Lectures (Opening November 3rd) ..... 8:00 p.m.

Woman's Club—*Monday, November 8,* Anderson Hall—Donation Tea, Mrs Preston Bradley. Admission charge, a gift to the Bazaar ..... 1:00 p.m.
*Monday, November 22,* Public Health and Civilian Defense. Mrs. Dale Klemp, Chairman, Mrs. Donald Springgate, Co-Chairman. Guest Speaker, Lois Etzold, her subject: "Personality and Charm." Hostesses: Mrs. Elsie Kroll and Mrs. Bertha Koch.

Men's Club—meets the 4th Tuesday of each month. *Tuesday, November 23,* the Men's Club will present Sales Manager, International Harvester Company, Robert W. Dibble, whose subject will be "Your Business Personality" ..... 8:00 p.m.

Professional and Business Woman's Club—Meets usually the 2nd Tuesday of the month. During November, meetings as follows: *Sunday, November 7,* DONATION TEA, 4:00 to 6:00 p.m., Anderson Hall. An afternoon of music: Miss Ann Friedmeyer, Contralto, and Carl Speelmann, accompanist, of the choir and Channing Club; Channing Club will present "I Believe," with Nancy Syversten; Diane Havorka, dramatic teacher, in dramatic characterizations. Mrs. Preston Bradley and Mrs. Harry Stone, President of the Woman's Club, will pour. Admission, a Bazaar donation ..... 4:00 to 6:00 p.m.
*Tuesday, November 30,* demonstration by Mrs. Charles Fox of "The Package Beautiful for Christmas." Refreshments. Guest fee 35c ..... 8:00 p.m.

The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder-Director, *In Memoriam*

Channing Club, 1st and 3rd Fridays. *November 19,* Anderson Hall, a dance for all the organizations of the church. All the old-time music and dances you desire. 8:00 p.m.

Choir Rehearsals, Every Thursday, Church Auditorium, during church season—New members welcomed ..... 8:00 p.m.

Usher's Club—Secretary, Paul H. Raabe, UPtown 8-8620

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday, Anderson Hall ..... 7:00 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 301, every Thursday, Anderson Hall ..... 3:30 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 860, every Friday, Anderson Hall ..... 3:30 p.m.

Brownie Scout Troop No. 630, every Friday, Bradley Hall ..... 3:30 p.m.

## DR. BRADLEY'S RADIO SCHEDULE

WJJD—Every Sunday morning during the church season ..... 11:00 to 12:00 noon

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